https://onlinespncon.livejournal.com/2182.html?thread=26246#t26246

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"Cas?" Dean asks, bleary with sleep. "What is it?" The room is dark, but somehow he knows that it's Castiel down at the foot of his bed.

There's a moment of silence, then Dean feels the covers lift and he's got an armful of quiet angel. Dean can feel Cas' coat twisting as Cas presses close, and he can feel Cas' breath tickle his chin.

"Sleep, Dean," Cas commands, voice quiet, and Dean hears some sadness that Cas probably won't share in it. He can think of a bunch of reasons why Cas would be sad, but he doesn't like to think like that, and he knows better than to make Cas say it.

Even angels can have weak moments, just like him, and so Dean's okay with tucking Cas close, whispering 'it'll be okay' and going back to sleep.

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